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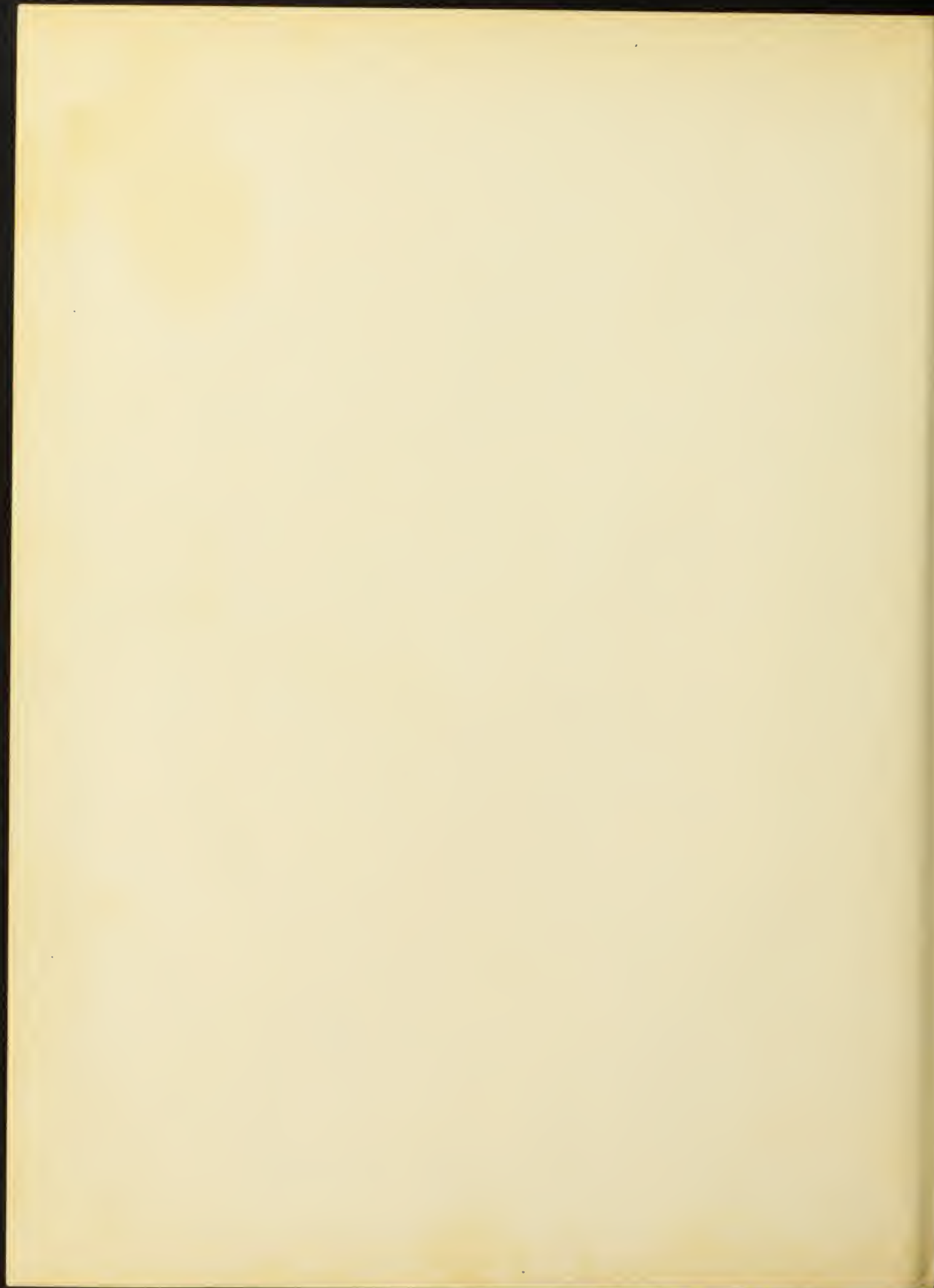


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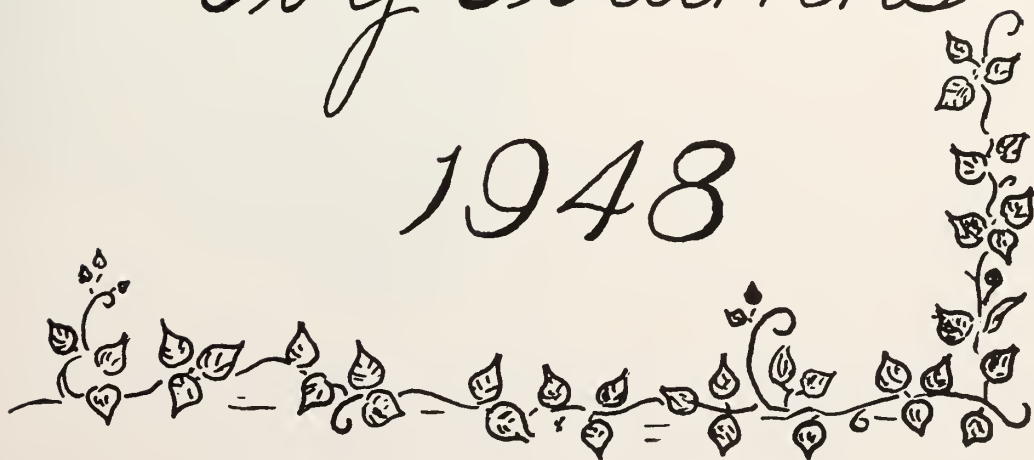






Ivy Columns

1948





*Her ivied columns*





rise . . .

*Presented by the*  
GRADUATING CLASS  
*of the*  
MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL  
SCHOOL OF NURSING

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*Director—Teacher—Friend*

To you who helped to guide us through three of the most eventful and cherished years of our lives we say, "Thank you." Not only for the many little things that added to our comfort and peace of mind, but for your confidence in us as nurses and everything for which the profession stands. Most of all, Miss Sleeper, we thank you for your ever-increasing belief, faith and trust in us as women.

To you we dedicate this edition of IVY COLUMNS.

THE CLASS OF 1948



DEAR SENIORS:

"Today is Weight Day." Do you remember that familiar sign which greeted you at frequent intervals during your student days? Do you remember how we charted your weight month after month because we felt a great responsibility for your well-being?

This year of your graduation you will join a long and distinguished line of nurses who have gone forth from the School for three-quarters of a century. These women have gone to work in every state of this Country and in almost every other country in the world. They have practiced in hospitals, homes, schools, industries. They have nursed the young, the aged. They have worked in large city hospitals and in the lonely countryside. They have taught nursing to pupils in distant lands in many languages.

Have you ever stopped to think of the place you will hold in the family of the M.G.H. School of Nursing? Have you ever considered the difference between your preparation and that of your predecessors of ten, fifteen, or twenty-five years ago? Have you ever weighed your obligations and responsibilities against the broader preparation you have been privileged to receive? Today is your commencement; today is *weight day*.

This time you will do the weighing. The record will read not in pounds but in responsibilities. The weight will not be for your physical well-being. Today you will weigh your future. There will be purpose and achievement to balance against purposeless wandering; service to others to balance against personal gain; judgment, determination, courage, against ease and indulgence; open-mindedness, cooperation and understanding against intolerance and selfishness.

It will not be a simple matter to record this type of growth on charts. Mere dots and squares cannot show mental and spiritual development. Lines cannot indicate the sense of obligation or personal and social responsibility well met. But, nonetheless, the growth will be evident for there will be for you the faith of patients, the trust of co-workers, the belief of friends, and respect for self.

From the School, congratulations on your past achievement. From the Faculty, best wishes to you. From your sister alumnae, a welcome into your chosen profession. From us all, a promise of a helping hand.

Today is commencement. Have you weighed in yet, senior?

Ruth Sleeper



MISS STEWART

*Our*  
*Faculty*



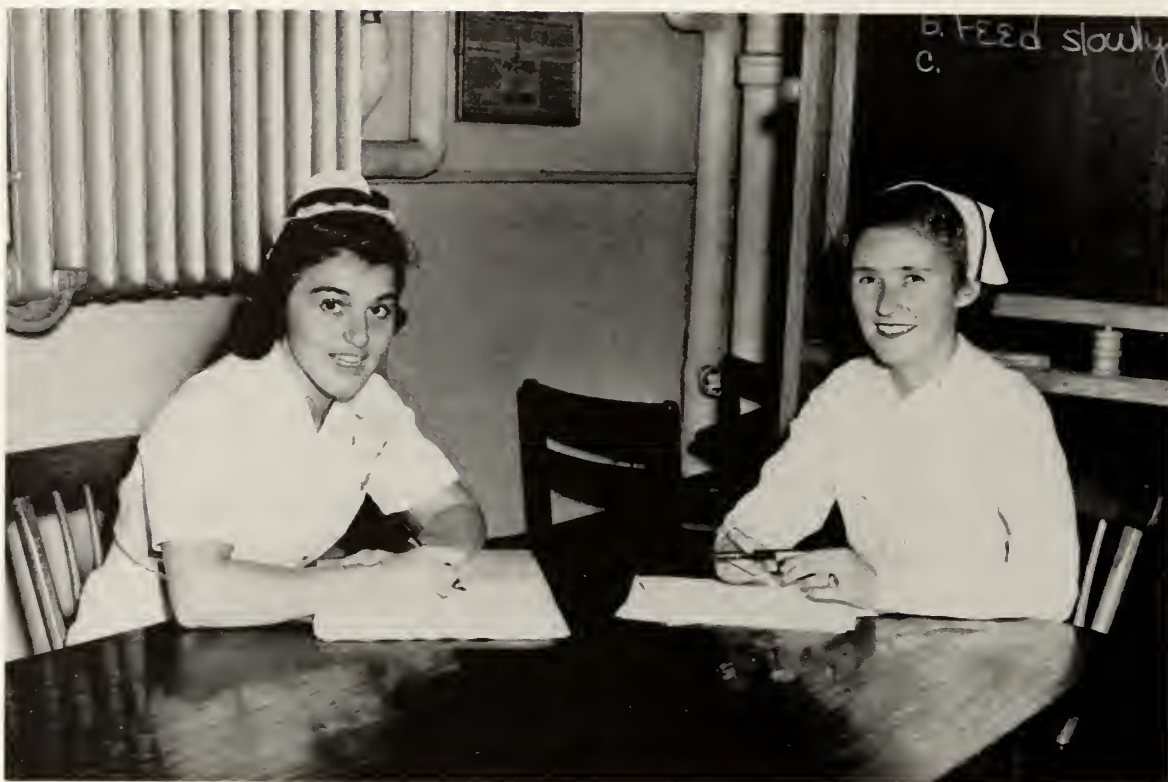


*Top left: Miss Adele Corkum, Mrs. William Litler—Top right: Miss Anna Griffin  
Bottom: Miss Ruth Poules, Miss Anne Raftery, Miss Anna Crotty*



*Top: Nursing Arts Department. Center: Miss Edna Lepper, Miss Nancy Fraser, Miss Anna Viden. Bottom: Nursing Science Department.*





MRS. ROBERT CROWLEY

MISS ANNE RAFTERY

## *Faculty Advisors*

We cannot express our feelings of gratitude for the physical aid and moral support you have given us throughout this past year during which you have served as our class advisors, without being trite; and so we shall be trite, "Thank you from the bottom of our hearts."

THE CLASS OF 1948



*Our  
Clubs*



*Top: S. N. C. A. Center: Judiciary Board. Bottom: Yearbook Staff.*





*Top: Dormitory Board. Center: Seton Club. Bottom: Patricia Sullivan, Seton Club President; Father Charles Scullen.*



*Top: Drawsheet Staff. Center: Rev. Rollin Fairbanks, Rev. James Burns. Bottom: Protestant Guild Club.*





# Our Activities



"Each student has her own cheerful quiescent room---"



Male call



"The bridge is the bridge of the future"



"You would think that the girls I had  
were having a picnic in the woods--  
and I would think so too--"



"The girls are the girls of the future"



"The girls are the girls of the future"





Paying for the book



The new look



"Well, it's like this -"



Make, make, make it all right



Whose bargain is it?





Senior Banquet



We made the Sh r ton at last



When good friends get together



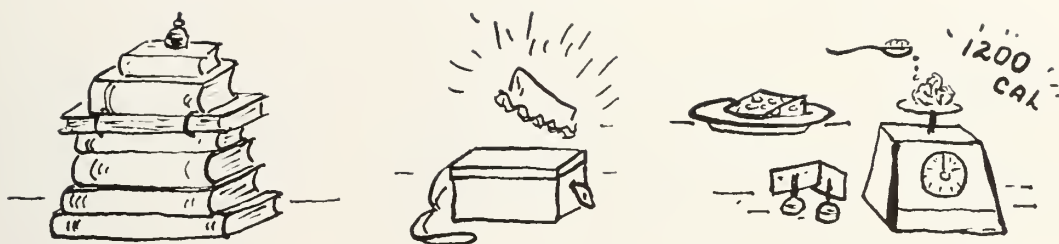
!! Key-ripes !!



1 year ago



Dig-Dig-Dig



## February History

From the four corners we came, north, south, east and west—all fifty-seven of us—eager for the future with the same goal in mind, but not one of us then realized our true destinies. Months of preparation had preceded our arrival—the correspondence, small at first, had increased rapidly in the latter weeks. If it wasn't "your registration of five dollars has been received," it was "please forward birth certificate in duplicate." Who doesn't recall the anxious moments spent because she hadn't yet obtained a "fairly large briefcase," a "washable blanket" or a "gym suit?" And through our minds raced the thoughts "20 grains equals 1 scruple" and 480 minims equals 1 fluid ounce" and to new-comers to Boston, the directions printed so carefully, "from North Station, take a taxi, walk or take the subway to Park Street station, change to subway to Charles Street station and walk two blocks toward Boston Common"—all to add to our confusion. Somehow we made it. February 6, 1945, a bright, sunny, non-typical New England winter day found us esconced in our new residence at 92 Charles Street. There, amid hello, unpacking, introductions, we met our future roommates.

On the afternoon of our first day, the Ladies Visiting Committee and the Ladies Advisory Committee of the School of Nursing (whew) gave us a tea. Still carrying two to three inches of traveling dust

and smoothing out our wrinkled skirts, we proceeded to locate the Walcott House, where we were introduced to our new instructors. Following the tea was our formal introduction to the school by the director of nurses, Miss Sally Johnson. How hushed and subdued we were as we stood to attention when she walked to the head of the classroom and how attentive we were as she welcomed us to the school of nursing.

Our first four months in the school, otherwise known as the "probie period" were hectic months filled with lectures, demonstrations, practice work of nursing procedures and a few hours a week on the wards. Those four months could be properly termed "The Green Months" for we constantly came up against new situations which we might add, some of us didn't handle so tactfully. Dormitory life too kept us occupied—the nightly sessions in the smoker, the parties after hours, and the silly things we did such as running down Charles Street in pajamas to watch a fire; pulling a certain nurse through the window. We rarely lacked for dates during the war period when servicemen were abundant. Someone always ran through the "dorm" yelling, "Who wants a blind date?" How we kept those beau parlors occupied! Too much play could not do however, as we all had serious thoughts of capping. Those exams were "stiff" and we





really worried through that "final practical." Finally, the day came—June 10—and we convened in Walcott house for the presentation of our caps by Miss Johnson. What a proud moment for each of us. How could we help but be "cap conscious?"

We looked forward eagerly to the next stepping stone—that of receiving our checks. But, O "alas," little did we know that we were to herald a new era—that of "bibs 'n blues." 'Twas the war, we were told and only a temporary arrangement—for two years that is. This did not hinder our work, but it did require frequent explanations as to our "status quo."

September rallied around and the first third of our class piously packed bags and belongings for their first vacation—so greatly needed by this time. This month also heralded the arrival of the new probies—the second section to enter after us. We really felt up in the world now with two groups behind us. And so the days passed—we had now started specialties—some in the O.R., others in O.P.D., neurological and urological floors. How green we felt our first day in the O.R.—everyone scurrying to and fro in white gowns, masks and headgears. Our greenness was doubled, no tripled, on our first case. Remember how you gingerly held out the *wrong* glove to the surgeon. Contamination?? Heavens, no—as one absent-minded nurse calmly taps her mouth to stifle a yawn—whilst holding a retractor!

The arrival of December, plans for the

Christmas formal, under our sponsorship, were started. Changing the traditional scene from Moseley to Walcott house was advocated and on the chosen night we joyously danced amid Christmas greens and mistletoe to the music of Ken Reeves.

On February 6, to celebrate our first year in training, the "gang" visited "Blinstrub's Village"—the evening was well spent—and spent, I mean.

In March, half of the class started pediatrics, a new kind of nursing for most of us and what fun it was to bathe and feed the small babies as well as play with the older children.

In the early part of June, we sponsored our second formal. This time in the Moseley Rotunda. Balloons of all colors decorated the ceiling and bridal wreath obtained by various persons from "ye esplanade" adorned trellises. The Vanderbilt Boys supplied the music—yes, it was music—and even indulged in a bit of singing. The dance was a huge success, but someone should have told the bugs to behave.

B.L.I.... To just anyone, those letters mean nothing, but to nurses of the M.G.H. and especially the Class of '48, it meant three months of laborious work of headgears and masks, block relief and nights. The work was new and different. We learned to bathe 30 babies in a few hours and to care for and teach the mothers. Delivery floor—one of the most thrilling places a nurse can work, not that we actually did so much, but watching a new



being come into this world and to life was a truly remarkable sight. The nights on Richardson House and the good (?) fudge we made will never be forgotten—nor will the numerous beach parties in which we indulged!! We did manage to get into difficulties—strange visitors to our windows and sleeping in laundries—ooh that hard table!! Our truly great farewell party was the climax. I don't know how we all managed to fit in that room, but when a certain supervisor walked in, we found so many places to hide. That was the fastest clean-up job a room ever received.

Vacation again, and we returned rested and ready to face new problems and tasks. And so the days passed. Winter came with its billowy snow and we spent another Christmas in training. The Glee Club, so improved this year, caroled at North Station and on the radio. In January, McLean claimed a part of us. A vacation they said—but we remember all those floors we mopped and clothes we sorted and the continued refrain, "I want my tennis racquet!"

Two big events in February—first our celebration of our second anniversary. Will we ever learn? The evening started and ended with a bang—the trip home was something to remember. The second important event was that of receiving our senior bands—at last we were on the last lap of our journey in nursing and whether we admitted it or not, it helped our pres-

tige to know we were seniors and to have those bands on our caps.

At this time, plans for our senior activities were started. Mrs. Crowley and Miss Raftery were chosen as advisors and with their help we were able to proceed. The main problem—that of raising funds for the yearbook loomed in the foreground. A gay strawberry festival on Bulfinch lawn in June was a sparkling success.

In July our senior banquet was held at Hotel Sheraton. The Committee did a wonderful piece of work. In August, vacations again—a short one this time for those who returned to M.G.H. only to leave for the Indians and the veterans. September arrived and several of the class found themselves to be student assistants—a job they never dreamed possible for themselves.

"It's here!" we said to one another as January came to a close. Rather hard to believe—that the three years had already passed. Looking back, it seemed only yesterday that we had eagerly blundered our ways to 92 Charles Street. And now, as graduate nurses, we separate, each to go her own way. We will never forget our three years at M.G.H., nor will we forget the many friends we made, the good times we had, the knowledge we gained. We leave with some regrets but we could never wish to prolong our three years or relive them for we are already looking forward to the future—to new fields—and new experiences!



## July History

DEAR DIARY

*July 5, 1945*—Our most memorable day; we arrived at M.G.H. to begin our training. Registration, tea with Miss Johnson and her associates...tour of hospital...supper in cafeteria...taken out for a good time at night by our big sisters...then to bed at last.

*July 6*—6:45 a.m. to 6 p.m. today...finished packing and getting settled...more orientation.

*July 7*—more classes...visited the kids to get better acquainted.

*July 8*—wore our uniforms for the first time...worked on the wards.

*July 10*—another tour of the hospital...so many places to get lost in.

*July 11*—Had a math test today... $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{4}$  equals  $\frac{1}{4}$  of 100%????

*July 12*—Had our first nursing quiz...whew, glad that's over.

*July 13*—We are already making empty beds...does it seem possible???? Party on Walcott roof...really had a good time.

*July 14*—Worked on the wards all morning...cleaning bedside tables.

*July 16*—Had our first taste of M.G.H. shots...Barby Eckersall really fell for them.

*July 17*—T.C.R. It was here that we were observed in making our empty bed today. "Where is that toe pleat?" "Do you think that drawsheet is tight?" "Are those corners made properly?"

*July 25*—Started occupational therapy

projects—embroidered sampler squares.

*July 26-August 2*—This week was filled with monthly examinations—sure were glad when they were over.

*August 3*—Now we can make occupied beds, give back care...really feel as though things were being accomplished.

*August 4*—First monthly marks posted; Ach!

*August 6*—Parts of our cadet uniform issued—didn't get much chance to wear them as they had to be given back.

*August 14*—V-J day...the city went wild and so did 92 Charles street...remember the fire escape incident?

*August 22*—Big sister-little sister party at Lynn beach...the water was fine but the moon was finer...Rest of the class moved to Thayer.

*August 28*—TPR's...thought we knew how to count but we don't...Second month blues...to think we have been here that long.

*September 4*—A new class of probies arrived today—if they only knew what they were in for.

*September 10*—First nursing care study due tomorrow...everyone stayed up 'til the wee hours of the morning working furiously to finish.

*September 18*—OPD excursion...how do those patients ever find their way around.

*September 28*—Another month gone by.

*October 3*—Snack party given by Misses Dorothy Johnson and Helen Belcher.





*October 4-October 16*—More procedures and observations...we are really learning what it takes to be a nurse.

*October 19*—Having finals.

*October 20*—Second nursing care study due today...everyone looked as though they had had a good night's sleep.

*October 29*—Anatomy final today; what did you put for that answer to question 100...“Where and what is the “orpcularis palprebrarum?”

*October 30*—Our last TCR inspection—fine, except that someone forgot to dust the light switch.

*November 1*—Had a history of nursing final and a nursing monthly...what a discouraging day.

*November 4*—Winter is here...bridge is becoming one of our favorite indoor sports.

*November 5*—Repeated our fourth nursing monthly.

*November 16*—Party at Marcia Wade's. Much fun.

*November 19*—Medicine pouring on the ward...thought we knew that patient's name but somehow, Mr. Jones got Mr. Brown's octavites.

*November 22*—Can now give penicillins.

*November 23*—Thanksgiving day...we can be thankful that our Probie days are over.

*November 27*—Enjoying the snow...having riotous times on the second, third and fourth floor alleys in Thayer.

*December 1-25*—Plans for the Christmas formal, candlelight service, etc...the closets are not big enough to hold our

secrets well. Merry Christmas, dear diary.

*December 25*—Our first Christmas here...Santa was really good to us...enjoyed helping patients observe Christmas.

*December 31*—New Year's eve and new bibs.

*January 1, 1946*—Lots of resolutions.

*January 10*—Excursions to Pendergast Preventorium...tea around the fireplace.

*February 4*—Beginning of our first vacation. Such time-consuming plans made by all to sleep all three weeks getting up only to eat.

*February 24*—Back from vacation...full of vim and vigor, it says here.

*March 7*—New classes beginning...more “ologies.”

*April 15*—Midterms and midnight oil.

*May 9*—First aid final...finally know the art of artificial respiration.

*May 13*—Here we come, OR.

*June 25*—Esplanade concerts and mosquitoes have arrived hand in hand.

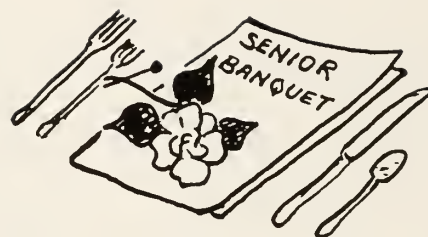
*July 4*—Anniversary of our country's independence...we are still waiting for ours.

*July 5*—Our first anniversary...only two more years to go.

*September 2-December 3*—Began our BLI affiliation...had a taste of delivery, block relief and very quiet night duties.

*December 11*—Vacation time again...made it home for Christmas this year.

*February, March, April, May, June and July 1947*—First group went to McLean...home was never like this...The girls have also made the rounds of pediatrics, Eye and Ear and Haynes.



*April*—Began plans for our graduation, yearbook, pictures, banquet and formal.

*June 19*—Measured for checks...at last.

*June 30*—Having our pictures taken in whites.

*July 4 again*—Our independence is in sight.

*July 5*—We are seniors today...one more year to go celebrated with a picnic at Lincoln.

*July 16*—We can wear our checks now ...goodbye blues.

These are but a few of the incidents that have taken place during our student days at M.G.H. We have all had our moments of disappointment and hours of fun. We wish to thank our instructors, supervisors, head nurses and fellow students for all that they have done for us. Good luck, everyone.

## September History

The main events of three years of training are usually reminisced about in the frequent gatherings in the room of any of the student nurses, usually the nurse who has just received a box from home and who has an extra package of cigarettes. Under the influence of a few dozen cokes, the tongues are loosened and the babble begins.

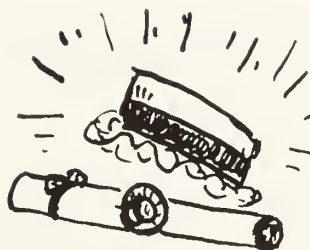
Remember the day we came—September 4, 1945? Some of us found that we lived on the upper floors of 92 Charles while others lived at Thayer House where there was actually an elevator!! Then we all went to Walcott house for tea where we met the instructors and supervisors of the school of nursing. They all seemed so friendly and glad to have us in their school.

Remember the mornings we trudged up Charles Street when it was still dark because of the early hour and the sleet and rain, dropped our wraps and rubbers (the

first rainy morning only) and ran down the ramp to roll call? A last minute rush to change an answer in the papers we had all done together the previous evening, preceded the lineup for inspection. Many the thankful prayer for black stockings on which to give our shoes a last minute shine. Then we hurried through endless corridors to breakfast which was mostly a discussion of what was expected to happen that day and whether in the procedure for making an empty bed you started making it by standing on the left or on the right.

While working on the wards we gazed with wonder at the ease with which the procedures were carried out by the older nurses. We pretended indifference to their laughing glances as they noticed our apron-less uniforms. How many bedside tables, beds and floors did we clean?

But remember *THE* impersonations, the pancake parties, the first Hallowe'en



and that night when a tub of water accidentally splashed on two of the members of our class standing in the doorway bidding a final goodnight to their friends.

But do you remember the day when we were capped? For a week after we would forget the added height of the cap and bump it against every Balkan frame. But now that we were capped we could give "I.M.'s." Will you ever forget the first one you gave to that emaciated patient?

Now, too, there was a class of probies behind us who would actually hold doors open for us in respect for our being older students.

Some one says that she remembers the day she was bibbed much more easily because soon after she had her first night duty. With the first night duty came the realization that one could work all night without falling asleep. However, the numerous cups of coffee helped.

Time certainly seemed to pass quickly. The days were filled with classes and ward work and the evenings never seemed long enough to discuss all that had happened during the day, to take long enough walks, to drink enough coke. Remember, though, the nights we poured cold water on the unsuspecting victims in the tub, made endless "pie beds," sewed up all the pajama sleeves and legs, decorated rooms with yards of rolled paper and in general did anything to surprise the unwary person?

A slight pause usually follows while everyone thinks a moment about that first year which at times seemed forever,

but which in reality was only 365 days.

The second year was different. In the aftermath of the celebrations of the ending of our first year, our class became separated. Some went to Haines, some to McLean, others to Eye and Ear and some to dear old B.L.I. Will you ever forget the wonder of your first delivery? How quiet those nurseries could be in the middle of the night. Of course, there was fun too. Remember the dance, the blind dates, the Saturday night serenades, and the farewell party??

Back at the General again we slowly progressed by working at specialties such as the O.R. and pediatrics. Our experiences included long and upsetting searches for the lost sponge (later found in the nurse's scrub gown) and our sudden surprised feeling when the 10-year-old first night post-op, came down the corridor to meet us carrying his I.V. flask and trailing his suction tubing. Remember all this time how we were still wearing our blue uniforms which now were mostly threadbare and patched, but still we had high hopes of receiving our checks.

The numerous strokes of the jail house clock is a sudden reminder that 'tis late. Cigarettes are crushed, the empty box from home is pushed into the waste basket and the coke and milk bottles are strewn about the room left to be cleaned up in the morning.

It's almost another day, and who knows exactly what will happen in a student nurse's day that will be a laughing memory in some future evening?





An apple a day



McLear, musical



Hi rise drive and fall go



This is it!



High on a rocky hill



For Beach



There's a long, long trail winding



## February Will

BETTY CHAPMAN leaves her Southern accent and hospitality to some "damn Yankee."

SIS KARVELLAS leaves her endless fountain of wit to Bea Comstock.

The easy-going tardiness and last minute shampoos of ANNA TOWHILL are willed to Kay Hogan.

RITA KRASINSKAS gives the wrinkle of her nose back to Bugs Bunny.

If you have noticed the newly acquired smile of DOTTY IWANIKI, she inherited it from Eileen Sheehan who advises her not to use it in class.

IRENE NIEDOSPAL leaves her enthusiasm and persuasiveness to the powers that be.

MARY MURPHY leaves that doctor she never got around to asking to the formal.

To B.L.I. affiliates who want to escape the evil eye of "Gravel Gertie," PAT NORTHRIDGE leaves her overnight address.

To the new probies EVELYN SABOLA leaves her bag of cigarette butts.

RUBY SUNDEEN leaves her sultry voice to the musilophone girls.

MARY GEISER leaves to join the ranks of faculty wives at Queens College.

To Barbara Roser, MURIEL LAROSE leaves her blind dates.

KAY COLLINS leaves Dailey for the Indians.

GRACE GARRISON refuses to leave her supper dates with Warren to anyone.

Anyone missing books or uniform parts will find them when DAILEY leaves.

FRAN KISIEL leaves an invitation to her graduation to the judiciary board. They have been inseparable.

To any blue (mood not color) student at B.L.I. VIRGINIA GOODWIN leaves her memories of her last night there.

MARY-JANE SHORTLIDGE leaves a portable ladder to the Vanderbilt boys.

If LESLIE BAYEUR can find it, she will leave her alarm clock to Jr. Cislo.

MARION MARTELL leaves a B.L.I. laundry table to those unable to sleep on our orthopedic beds.

JACKIE FISHEL leaves her Brookline apartment to future class reunions.

To the West side at McLean, WENONAH MARBLE leaves her gym outfit.

ARDIS MURRAY leaves her uncollected rent for the use of her typewriter to the fund for the new nurses' home.

ELEANOR GAGAN leaves her indecision to "Jenny" who couldn't make up her mind either.

To the "maniacs" who understand it, TIMMY ROBERTS leaves her Maine accent.

ETHEL TODD leaves her book "The Horse and I" to Betty MacDonald.

PAULINE ROY leaves one of her Pauls to Selma Herman.

BARBARA GRAY bequeaths her spats with the masculine sex to anyone who can grin and bear them.

SALLY SHEA leaves Baker 6 and all the drainage bottles to hopeful urological nurses.

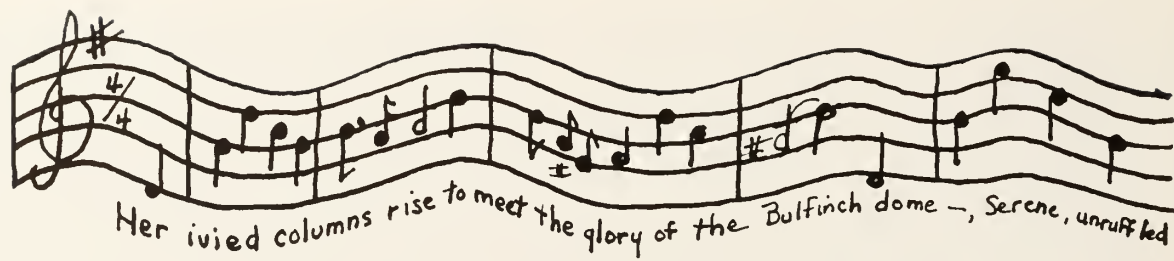
SHIRLEY O'NIEL wills to the hospital a silent automatic contraption for moving beds at night in pediatrics.

A new telephone system will be left by ARLENE WINK to replace the one she has worn out in Walcott.

LOIS BLOOMQUIST goes back to Connecticut leaving the theological students to those lucky underclassmen.

To knitting enthusiasts CONNIE PALMER leaves her latest publication, "How to Knit" or "Don't Bring Your Troubles to Me."

SHIRLEY ATWOOD leaves her three-year collection of signs and stuffed animals to the Franklin Park Zoo.



## July Will

Our class, being overwhelmed with generosity, deems it advisable at this moment in its career to set aside a trust for those worthy ones upon whom we have chosen to bestow our bounties. The years have taken their toll on our wealth, but through scrimping and saving we have found it possible to set aside a few of our gems to leave behind in order that we shall always be remembered.

EUNICE COOLEY has, after careful consideration, decided to disclose her secret formula for removing freckles to Jane Wragg. Eunie says that one can actually see them disappear.

PHIL LESHANE leaves Miss Fraser a portable set of scales. In this way, Phil thinks that Miss Fraser will be free from the problem of telephoning her students to ask the proverbial question, "Have you been weighed this month?"

RAY CROWLEY leaves her aprons to Kit Weare. Ray never did find time to shorten them, so they would be just right for Kit.

MARGIE WEBB leaves her array of rag curlers to Barb Roser and her brief but timely article on "How to Get the Most Out of a Rag." Marge says that after being used as curlers for some time the rags make excellent pipe cleaners.

RONNIE LAYAOU leaves complimentary tickets for the "Sun Spot" to all starving nurses—compliments of her dad.

RUTH JOHNSON leaves her packages

from home to Barb Richardson. They invariably contain food but we feel Barb should be warned as one of Ruth's packages once contained a stuffed pink cat or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

NORMA McEDWARD leaves Nancy Brown a fur-lined insulated sleeping bag for cool nights on camping trips in the Blue Hills.

KATIE CONNERY leaves all junior work in the operating room to Dottie Iwanicki, especially White 3A.

JOYCE MACKEY leaves a secluded spot deep in the heart of Texas to someone who wants to get away from it all.

FRANCES DILLARD has left to Miss Hewitt a compact oxygen tent to be constantly at her disposal. Also Frannie has devised an even better method of putting on diapers which she is willing to demonstrate to the pediatric service. Scotch tape, like Duz, sure can do anything.

CLAIRE STURTEVANT leaves the steam room in Gardner to anyone who wants to look ravishing on a date. Claire states it just brings out one's best—one's best wave, that is!

PAT KENNA leaves her new-improved formula for making hair grow longer to Catherine Brennan, hoping that the latter will be able to decipher it.

HELEN WANONEK leaves her ability to turn patients in shells single-handed to Pat Malloy.



BETTY WARDWELL leaves an open house invitation to anyone going through Rome, New York to stop in for her father's special mint juleps. So cooling and refreshing and sincerely advocated by Marcia Wade and Hazen Shuerer.

MARY GAINNEY leaves her discouraging problems of dating an obstetrician. Gain is well up on listening to symphony records since our days at B.L.I.

SHEILA CASEY leaves a Town taxicab, unoccupied of course, to someone who just can't get a cab on rainy nights.

BARB ECKERSALL leaves a much used copy of the song hit "My Buddy."

ANITA GOSSELIN leaves F and G2 nursery memories of B.L.I. to Betty Grant. OH, how Anita loved those babies!

MARY McQUESTEN leaves Miss Pooles a pair of shoes with leather soles and heels—so much better to hear you with, my dear.

HELEN MANN leaves M.G.H. 600 bolts of pin-checked material hoping that it will be used to good avail.

STELLA JATKWICZ leaves Joan Paris a bottle of black leg make-up for those hot summer days when stockings seem to be about the last thing that one can bear.

CONNIE ZOPATTI leaves her generosity for changing time to anyone willing to do it.

GINNY HULTIN leaves Miss Perkins a new streamlined ultramodern Thayer Classroom, complete with Murphy beds and a soda fountain for thirsty probies after a wearing procedure.

CONNIE WARD leaves "The Admiral's"

picture to anyone keeping it on her bureau for more than one week.

DEBBIE EDWARDS leaves everything but Bob.

MARY PICARD leaves Miss Hinckley a pair of ball bearing roller skates to make it easier for her to get to Ward "G" when emergencies arise.

JEAN WILLIAMS leaves her mysterious letters to any amateur detective.

PAULIE NELSON leaves her mother's home cooking to Miss Seibert.

BARBIE MACDONALD leaves her name to the next Barbara MacDonald. May it cause her as much difficulty.

LETIA CAHILL leaves her gift of gab to Mary Libby.

HAZEN SCHUERER leaves her empty wallet to Jean Lutz, hoping she can fill it.

JEAN STOCKWELL leaves her deftness of managing children on Ward 12 to Madeline Smith. Jean has had lots of practice with ten brothers and sisters.

MILLIE SAVOIE leaves her latest best seller on "How Not to Knit in Six Easy Lessons" to Jane Woodbury.

MARCIA WADE leaves an old corner bookstore full of hair-raising quarter detective stories to anyone who has the stamina to read one and still be sane.

MARY SALMI leaves her all-round charming personality.

BARBARA SMIT leaves her model stature to John Powers.

In testimony thereof, we the July 1948 Class set our seal upon this document this 22nd day of July, 1947.



## September Will

To Kitty Brennen, MARY McCaHILL leaves her Irish blarney.

BARBARA SIGLEY leaves her southern accent to Mrs. Perley.

SHIRLEY CARTMILL regretfully leaves her suitors to Frances Cavello.

ELOISE SMITH bequeaths her sweet feminine disposition to Picharelli.

BARBARA HUNTER wills her funnel and equipment to needy B.L.I. affiliates.

PATRICIA LEFEBVRE wills a smoke screen to Mrs. Evans.

Her theme song "Open the Door, Richard" is THERESA DESCHENE's gift to Miss Shea.

GRETCHEN WEYMULLER happily leaves the "cowpaths" of Boston for the land of "dem bums."

PATRICIA SULLIVAN joyfully leaves her blaring radio to her next door neighbor.

To all night nurses, AVIS CARTWRIGHT wills her extra overnight passes.

TERRY CASELLA leaves her shoes—far behind.

To the next occupant of Room 99 at Thayer, ESTELLE WALLIS wills her mouse trap.

KAY DEE willingly bequeaths her fire door to Ruth Yellan.

JOYCE CAMPION donates a shower curtain to B.L.I.

PATRICIA WEBBER leaves a lengthy list of promises to all of us.

VIRGINIA DELONG leaves a can of Drano to the Charles street maids.

RENE AGAR leaves her red silk stockings and green perfume to Kay Hogan.

JEAN COURNOYER leaves her past to Delta.

MARY JONES wills her Miami moonlight to herself.

DOROTHY TUFTS leaves her empty bottles to Mrs. Brandt.

ALLY ALBRECHT wills her Tufts date bureau to those who need it.

JANE BICKNELL leaves her tonsils to the path lab.

To Jane Wragg, JANET SCOTT bequeaths her "gay deceivers."

JEAN BORGGARD leaves two inches to Kit Weare.

GLORIA MADIERA leaves her stone face to the rock of the same name.

JEAN CURRIER leaves her philosophy of life to anyone who can understand it.

CHRIS CURRIE leaves her quiet and demure manner to Madeline Smith.

To Kay Kennedy, PEG HIGGINS wills her ability to inhale.

MURIEL CLARK leaves Boston far behind for foreign lands.

A well-trodden path to the mailbox has been paved by DOROTHY MARK for all new-comers.

MARIANNE FOSTER wills her youth to Margaret Manning.

MARILYN TOWLE leaves numerous broken hearts at Vanderbilt's. Funny, we thought they were made of stone.

MARIE NOUSEE bequeaths a search warrant to Miss Daley.

ALICE MARTINEZ leaves her imitation skit to some downcast probie.

To Patty Morse, SALLY BIDELE wills her bangs.

ANN PINOLEHTO leaves "it" to those who need it.

EVELYN COBB leaves her "femme fatale" to Selma Herman.

SANDY MILLER enthusiastically leaves a fund for recruiting students to her dearly beloved profession.

MARGE WOOD bequeaths her locked drawers to sleeping night nurses.

To Helen Smith, KAY O'CONNOR leaves her sense of humor.

HEGHINE DOSTOOMIAN wills her "Squeeze Me but Please Don't Tease Me" to anyone capable of singing it as she does.

MARILYN MERRILL leaves her infallibility to Hazeltine.

ETHEL WETHERBEE endows a fund for a thermometer in each student's room.

## February Prophecy

February 6, 1997, February 6th, February 6th—Why it was just fifty years ago today. I had forgotten all about that clipping tucked away in my desk—"A reunion of the graduating class of 1948 of the Massachusetts General Hospital was held recently at Walcott house...."

Resting my cane against the fireplace, tucking my shawl more tightly about my shoulders, I rested my snowy head against my rocker, closed my myopic eyes and recalled that eventful day.

Irene Niedospal and her co-chairman Pauline Roy, greet us as we again entered the portals of dear old Walcott house. Already Ardis Murray, editor of the *American Journal of Nursing*, was busily scratching down notes while right behind her Anna Towhill dashed happily about collecting snapshots of everyone for a book she is writing entitled, "Posterity." Before the program started Patricia Northridge entertained the group with endless tales of her project for homeless children. Wenonah Marble declared it wasn't half as interesting as her position as games instructor on the West side at McLean Hospital. Eileen Sheehan knitted vigorously while she told us why she liked private duty. Jackie Fishel interrupted long enough to say all would be welcomed at a party that night at her mother's apartment. Wonderful news, indeed!! Shirley O'Neil, supervisor of night nurses, was explaining the details of her campaign for more rest for night nurses to Eleanor Karvellas who has become supervisor of nurses' residences.

Then in an instant we heard on the roof the sound of prancing and pawing like tiny hoofs—no it wasn't Santa—just Marion Martell and Rita Krasinskas, tried and true flight nurses arriving from Logan airport by helicopter on Walcott roof. Leslie Bayeur dropped in on her way

to the Blossom Street Public Health Unit.

The program opened with a short dissertation on the "The Derivation of the Prefix 'Draw' in the Word Drawsheet," by Constance Palmer a supervisor of clinical nursing in New London.

Betty Chapman, up from the sunny south, sang a soprano solo "That's What I Like About the South," accompanied on the piano by Pauline Roy who is beaming since she was the lucky holder of a winning ticket at the Kentucky derby.

Katherine Collins, assisted by Rose Dailey, gave an illustrated lecture on "An Attempt to Give the Land Back to the Indians."

The pretty model wearing our new M.G.H. Student Uniform, a one-piece tailored dress with accompanying fingertip cape, was none other than vivacious Margaret Murphy.

The highlight of the day was our baby show. Among the proud mothers present were the former Evelyn Sobala, Katherine Shea, Barbara Smit, Thelma Roberts, Grace Garrison, Barbara Gray, Mary Geiser, and Mary Jane Shortlidge. Mrs. Littler, our pediatric supervisor, would be proud to see how well her students had applied their knowledge. Arlene Wink and Lois Bloomquist were kept busy entertaining the children while their mothers enjoyed chatting with old friends.

Refreshments were attractively arranged and efficiently served by Ruby Sundeen and Virginia Goodwin, while the rooms just hummed with happy voices. The room was prettily decorated by Muriel Larose. Frances Kisiel and Eleanor Gagan have had a wonderful time at the hobby club where they have been teaching students the practical art of hair-dressing. Ethel Todd, glancing at her watch, assures us she must get home to her ponies. Don't think it doesn't re-

quire good nursing care to mother those cute four-legged creatures. The former Shirley Atwood arrived from her New Hampshire farm on crutches—her gout, you know.

The purring of a cat brushing against my legs brought me back to reality. My fire had become merely a glow of red coals. Oh me, it's really time to retire, I must tuck that clipping safely away.

## *July Prophecy*

While strolling along the esplanade one evening along the narrow embankment, we stopped near the weatherbeaten Hatch shell for it was the opening night of the 29th annual esplanade concert with the gray-haired Arthur Feidler conducting.

It was about 8:15 p.m. as we wandered among the throngs of humanity looking for a spot for ourselves and our threadbare gray blanket. As we looked around it seemed almost like reunion night for there were Katie Connery and Sheila Casey. As they shared our blanket, they told us much about the doings of our former MGH classmates and themselves. Sheila is a supervisor at the E. & E. and still catering to doctors' whims as in the days of affiliation. Katie is touring the state giving lectures on "Saponification versus Cold Creamitis"; you remember Katie was a 1947 Walcott house demonstration model. They tell us that Pauline Nelson is also a night supervisor at E. & E. The Charles Street jail nurse, Barbara Eckersoll, couldn't stop for the concert as she had to hurry home to Bud. Debbie Edwards and Bob are celebrating their ninth anniversary on their farm in Maine. Mary Gainey is helping Luke count the new citizens of the world and Phil Le Shane is leisurely managing her husband and practicing those well-learned principles of good housekeeping.

Isn't that Frannie Dillard joining the concert crowd? She is head nurse on B3, her old stamping ground. She has just received a letter from those three lei-laden nurses, Ginny Hultin, Ruth Johnson and

Norma McEdwards. It sounds as though Hawaii is the place to live. Anita Goslin we hear is enjoying her work on the Indian reservation. Frannie has also seen our Eunice Cooley who is a pediatric nurse in the new building while Rachel Crowley and Barb Smit are giving TLC to the kids on Baker 3 East. Pat Kenna is also at the general but at the moment is wrapped up in ropes as the result of a strenuous athletic gesture. Via Morse code comes the news that Letia Cahill has joined the army as health platoon leader at West Point.

Look yonder, here comes a BLI supervisor Helen Wanionek and with her is Mary Picard, night supervisor in the Baker Memorial. She says that Connie Zopatti is traveling on the starboard trek as chief nurse at Sailors Snug Harbor. Speaking of sailing, former roommates Millie Savoie and Mary Salmi have just left the USA bound for their ancestral lands. Millie will cater to "les enfants" at the gay Paris Children's Hospital and Mary begins her job of organizing a Finnish hospital with "Mezet morro." Mary Picard says that Stella Jatkiewicz is keeper of the operating room keys at Nashua hospital and Jean Stockwell is a rural district nurse in Grafton county. Also, Helen Mann plays nurse at the Vincent Memorial where she is also the chapel organist during her off duty time.

Let's wander further along the esplanade. It is now intermission. A flaming redhead, Jean Williams, starts to dash past our happy gathering, but we gently



lead her astray. Yes, she is one of Boston's leading public health nurses. Did you know that Connie Ward has accomplished the feat of frying eel eggs on ice for the Eskimos among whom she has established a training school? Jean received a letter from Barb MacDonald who is a "Mrs" now, living in New Jersey and specializing the mayor's sick relatives.

Perhaps we will see Marge Wood. She is an industrial nurse in New England's largest store, her favorite shopping spot and her only city charge account. Yes, Claire Sturtevant is taking excellent care of her patients during and after illness. She is Jose's private nurse in Rio. The New York state news says that Betty Wardwell is with Podsy and little "pots"

in Potsdam. Her friends Marcia Wade and Hazen Schuerer are busy nurses too. Marcia has taken to the high seas as chief nurse on the *USS Newton*. Hazen specials Bud and ailing persons in Stratford, Conn. Ronnie Layaou we have seen supervising first aid stations at the Sun Spot.

Of course you remember Joyce Mackey and Mary McQueston. Well, Joyce is up in the air these days acting as supervisor of airline hostesses. Mary often gets into town for she is devoting her time to psychiatric nursing at McLean.

Gosh folks, the music has stopped. The concert is over. We cannot tell you what the selections were tonight, but we did have a swell reunion.

Goodnight,

MERT AND GERT

## September Prophecy

*Scene:* M.G.H.

*Circumstance:* Homecoming Week-end

*Cast:* September Section of the Class of '48

*Act I, Scene I*

*The Foyer of the White Building—8 a.m.  
Registration Day*

A cab draws up to the White building entrance. It is "Tuffie's" Speedy Service from the General to Minnie's. The door opens and Miss Tufts herself alights from the cab in her O.R. gown accompanied by Muriel Clark who arrives from Springfield, Mass., where she is taking a P.G. course in "Profession vs. Housekeeping." Mary Jones, arriving from Florida, where she has set up a first aid center on Miami Beach, and Marianne Foster, coming from her missionary duties in China. They walk through the doors to the front desk to register. Patty Webber, in charge at the front desk, greets them and directs them to the cloak room. Miss Webber gives Miss Tufts the key and the little group proceeds down the corridor as

Miss Webber turns to greet Miss Currier who has recently been appointed head of the science department, and Miss Wood, head of the nursing department. At this point Miss Wetherbee, night supervisor, and her able assistant, Mrs. Farrell (Avis Cartwright) enter the foyer from E. W. going off duty and meet a new group of arrivals. In this group are Pinky Merrill, and Ricky Nousee, Navy nurses; Anna Pinolehto, Army nurse, and Janet Scott, stewardess with the American Airlines.

*Act I, Scene II—10 a.m.*

*Excursion Through the Hospital*

The floors are buzzing as the personnel make the hospital ready for the honored guests. As the group progresses through the Baker they find many of the September '48 class working as head nurses. In this group are Jane Bicknell, Dorothy Mark, Chris Currie, Ginny Delong, Doris Williamson and Renee Agar, all chic and professional. While the group is on Baker 9 they stop for a visit with two former

classmates, Terry Casella and Dish Deschenes who have just presented their husbands with tiny siblings.

From the Baker the excursion takes the group to pediatrics where Marilyn Towle, now a doctor's wife, is supervising a finely organized new building and staff. Then to the O.R. where Pat Lefebvre, as Dr. B. B. R.'s private scrub, is busily showing her second scrub just how the great surgeon wants the table set up.

*Act I. Scene III. Lunch in Dining Room*

In the corner of the dining room a small group of September '48 housewives are gathered around one of the round tables discussing the high cost of living. Evelyn Cobb and Estelle Wallis uphold the fact that two can live as cheaply as one but Mary McCahill and Sally Bedell are hardly convinced as they think of the many little hungry mouths at home. At another larger table Slim Borggaard and Ally Albrecht tell of their experiences in a smaller hospital in Worcester, Mass. Pat Sullivan and Freddie Smith are as usual agreeing and disagreeing on how to handle their problem children on the pediatric wards they man (having a few at home themselves varies their ideas slightly).

*Act I. Scene IV. Tea at Walcott House*

Helen Dostoomian, Dr. K's right and left hand assistant, is busily presiding over the tea seeing that Jo Campion, finally on vacation though in spare time working relief at the Framingham Hospital, and Barbara Sigley, night graduate on Baker 9, are getting enough to eat.

In a little group at one of the other couches, Gretch Weymuller, nursing instructor at Hood College, is relating her eventful if not hair-raising experiences with her new probies. Al Martinez is also

in this group. Alice is now head supervisor of the nurses' cafeteria. The dietitians had given it up long ago. She is eyeing the menu critically adding up the caloric value of each morsel. Mrs. Eger (Bobbie Hunter) is nervously eyeing her watch because she must catch the 6:20 special. "Yes" she informs Shirley Cartmill, head nurse on B7, she is still traveling the B. & A. lines to Holyoke.

Going through the receiving line we see Kay O'Connor, who, persecuted all through training by the pleasant ever-ready to help floor maids, has finally turned the tables and is now head of the domestic staff at the general. With Kay is Sandy Miller, who, when asked how she likes her present position as nursery supervisor at B.L.I. states flatly "I hate it."

Kay Dee and Peg Higgins, public health nurses, are unable to attend the tea as they are busily delivering babies along the Lexington-Concord (Paul Revere's) route.

A few of the groups have heard the rumor that T.S.O. has devised a means of cutting down tardiness in the A.M. Gloria Madiera will arouse all students bright and early at five-thirty A.M. All are anxious to see how the new system will succeed and many fear for Gloria's welfare.

The mood of the reunion suddenly changes, as we see that Jean Courmoyer is hastily but dramatically bidding fond adieus, as she tears herself away from the tea to race to her newly established date bureau for nurses.

A nostalgic atmosphere falls upon the room as it is time to bid farewell to the familiar scenes that brought back so many memories of the days past.

CURTAIN



*Our*

*Class*



# *In Memoriam*



GERALDINE JACKMAN

They that love beyond the world cannot be separated by it.

Death cannot kill what never dies.

Nor can spirits ever be divided that love and live in the same divine principle, the root and record, of their friendship.—

Death is but crossing the world, as friends do the seas; they live in one another still.—

This is the comfort of friends, that though they may be said to die, yet their friendship and society are, in the best sense, ever present because immortal.—



RENE AGAR  
Oakham, Mass.

"Sweet—and neat, she—can't be beat."

ALLEYNE ALBRECHET  
155 Central Street, Auburn, Mass.  
"Style is the dress of thought."

*Good luck, Pat. Don't stay at BHS forever. Have fun any way! Shirley*

SHIRLEY A. ATWOOD  
Pelham, N. H.

"Friends she has many; foes has she any?" YEARBOOK STAFF.

LESLIE M. BAYEUR  
4 Lawsbrook Road, West Concord, Mass.

"For softness she and sweet attractive grace."

*Happiness and success in all that you do Leslie*



SARAH BEDELL  
56 Burlington Ave., Wilmington, Mass.

"Her glossy hair was clustered o'er her brow." PROTESTANT CLUB.



JANE BICKNELL  
36 Elliot St., Meriden, Conn.  
"She's a quiet girl...sometimes." PROTESTANT CLUB, GLEE CLUB.

LOIS V. BLOOMQUIST  
168 Maple St., New Britain, Conn.

"Little girl with a great big smile to make life happy all the while." PROTESTANT CLUB VICE-PRESIDENT, GLEE CLUB, YEARBOOK.

JEAN BORGGAARD  
8 Orrison St., Worcester, Mass.

"It is nice to be natural when you are naturally nice." SAILING CLUB, SENIOR ACTIVITIES.



LETIA G. CAHILL  
311 Pine St., Bangor, Maine  
"And who is this fellow?" GLEE CLUB, PROTESTANT CLUB.

JOYCE CAMPION  
39 DeLoss St., Framingham, Mass.  
"A ready smile from a heart of gold." SETON CLUB, YEARBOOK.

SHIRLEY CARTMILL  
64 Connecticut Ave., Springfield, Mass.

"Variety is the spice of life." PROTESTANT CLUB.

AVIS CARTWRIGHT  
62 Blodgett Ave., Pawtucket, R. I.

"Do not break more hearts than thou can mend." SETON CLUB, SENIOR ACTIVITIES, YEARBOOK.







TERESA CASELLA

13 Wall St., Waltham, Mass.

"Good nature without disguise."  
SETON CLUB.

SHEILA L. CASEY

1 Franklin Ave., Chelsea, Mass.

"Her eyes shine clear and her dark  
hair waveth." SETON CLUB.

*Good luck to  
you always & best  
wishes for your future  
Chappie*

BETTY L. CHAPMAN

801 South Fulton St., Salisbury, N. C.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely  
tall and most divinely fair." PRESIDENT  
OF CLASS, PRESIDENT OF THE S.N.C.A.

MURIEL CLARKE

17 Wilson St., Lowell, Mass.

"What is mine is yours."



EVELYN COBB

30 Marathon St., Arlington, Mass.

"Upon each cheek appears a pretty  
dimple." PROTESTANT CLUB, SECRE-  
TARY OF THE CLASS.

KATHERINE T. COLLINS

34 Lake St., Wakefield, Mass.

"No wealth is like the quiet mind."  
SETON CLUB, GLEE CLUB, YEARBOOK.

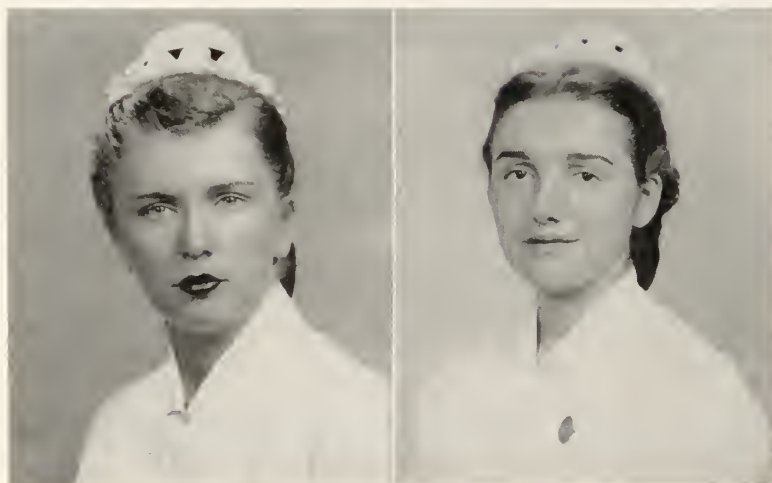


*Wishing you happiness in  
the future  
Kay*

CATHERINE T. CONNERY  
14 Haskell St., Prides Crossing, Mass.

"And bring with thee mute silence."  
JUDICIARY BOARD, STUDENT COUNCIL,  
HEAD PROCTOR, DORMITORY BOARD,  
SETON CLUB.

EUNICE M. COOLEY  
107 Warren Ave., Dalton, Mass.  
"Sing away sorrow, cast away care."  
PROTESTANT CLUB, YEARBOOK.



JEAN COURNOYER  
61 Hall St., Worcester, Mass.  
"Sociability has made her a name."  
CHAIRMAN OF FIRST LINCOLN PICNIC.

RACHEL A. CROWLEY  
64 Grove St., Greenfield, Mass.  
"A happy little child am I."

CHRISTINE CURRIE  
6 Ash St., Danvers, Mass.  
"A gentle mind by gentle deeds is  
known."

JEAN CURRIER  
Elm St., Salisbury, N. H.  
"Man delights not me." YEARBOOK,  
PROTESTANT CLUB.





ROSE M. DAILEY  
16 Irving St., Malden, Mass.

"O shy and modest maiden with honest dark brown eyes." SETON CLUB, GLEE CLUB.

KATHLEEN DEE  
383 Main St., West Concord, Mass.  
"My heart is like a singing bird." GLEE CLUB, SETON CLUB, S.N.C.A. TREASURER.

VIRGINIA DELONG  
303 Chauncey St., Mansfield, Mass.  
"With a smile in her eye."

THERESA DESHANES  
103 Prospect St., Marlboro, Mass.  
"My heart is fixed." JUDICIARY BOARD.



FRANCES E. DILLARD  
44 Lake St., Pittsfield, Mass.

"Let me sleep on and do not wake me yet." VICE-PRESIDENT OF CLASS, YEAR-BOOK, S.N.C.A., PROTESTANT CLUB, GLEE CLUB.

HELEN DOSTOOMIAN  
119 East Fourth St., South Boston, Mass.  
"Is there a heart that music cannot melt?" GLEE CLUB.



BARBARA M. ECKERSALL

49 Inman St., Hopedale, Mass.

"Light of step and heart is she."  
S.N.C.A. CHAIRMAN OF SENIOR BANQUET. SETON CLUB.



DEBORAH B. EDWARDS

38 Concord Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

"Mirth, admit me to thy crew."



JACQUELINE R. FISHEL

3 Netherlands Rd., Brookline, Mass.

"It is good to be merry and wise; it is good to be honest and true." YEARBOOK, SENIOR BANQUET COMMITTEE.

MARIANNE FOSTER

134 Cambridge Rd., Woburn, Mass.

"A hand to execute any mischief." YEARBOOK, SETON CLUB, BANQUET COMMITTEE.

ELEANOR M. GAGAN

11 Allston St., Dorchester, Mass.

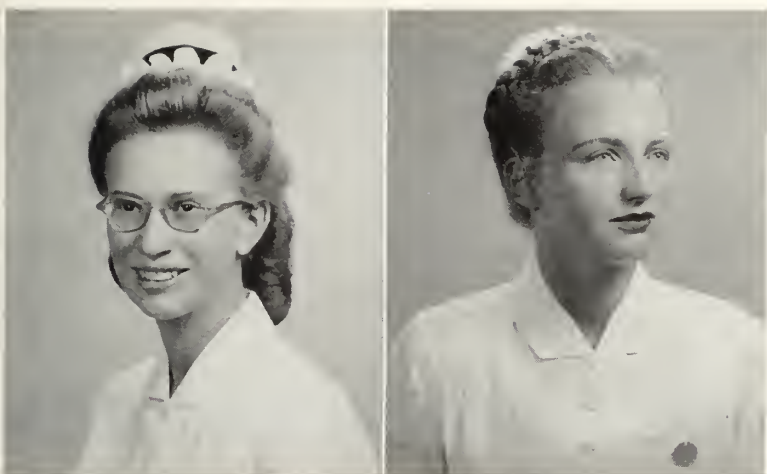
"Busy as a bumble bee and yet so full of fun."

MARY E. GAINES

97 Pleasant St., Fitchburg, Mass.

"The mildest manner and the gentlest heart." CO-EDITOR OF THE YEARBOOK, JUDICIARY BOARD, HEAD PROCTOR, S.N.C.A., DORMITORY BOARD, SETON CLUB.





GRACE E. GARRISON  
123 Gardner Rd., Brookline, Mass.  
"Softly speaks and softly smiles."

MARY GEISER  
R.F.D. 1, Staatsburg, N. Y.  
"The more we know her, the better  
we enjoy her." YEARBOOK, PROTESTANT  
CLUB.

VIRGINIA M. GOODWIN  
46A Lexington St., Everett, Mass.  
"A quiet person is welcome every-  
where." YEARBOOK.

ANITA L. GOSSILIN  
842 Fifth Ave., Berlin, N. H.  
"Give me a good digestion, Lord,  
and something to digest."



BARBARA GRAY  
The Lawrence Academy, Groton, Mass.  
"Happy and gay she goes on her  
way." YEARBOOK, PROTESTANT CLUB.

MARGARET HIGGINS  
3 Prairie St., West Concord, Mass.  
"She is a friendly friend with a  
friendly word for everyone." SETON  
CLUB.



VIRGINIA R. HULTIN

25 Gothland St., Quincy, Mass.

"Flirt, flirt, flirt, my labor never ends." GLEE CLUB, PROTESTANT CLUB.



BARBARA HUNTER

475 Beech St., Holyoke, Mass.

"They laughed at all her jokes and many a joke had she." YEARBOOK, BANQUET COMMITTEE, TREASURER OF PROTESTANT CLUB.



STELLA V. JATKWICZ

Derry Rd., Hudson, N. H.

"Thou art not false, but thou art fickle." GLEE CLUB, SETON CLUB.

RUTH A. JOHNSON

9 Ward St., Ipswich, Mass.

"Fleet of foot and tall of size." GLEE CLUB, PROTESTANT CLUB, YEARBOOK STAFF.



MARY JONES

8 Union St., Marblehead, Mass.

"Merry as the day is long." PROTESTANT Club.

ELEANOR KARVELLAS

11 Marble Rd., Gloucester, Mass.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."







PATRICIA M. KENNA  
150 River St., West Newton, Mass.  
"Her hair was not more sunny than  
her heart."

FRANCES E. KISIEL  
35 Main St., Ware, Mass.  
"This fair-haired girl keeps us in a  
whirl."

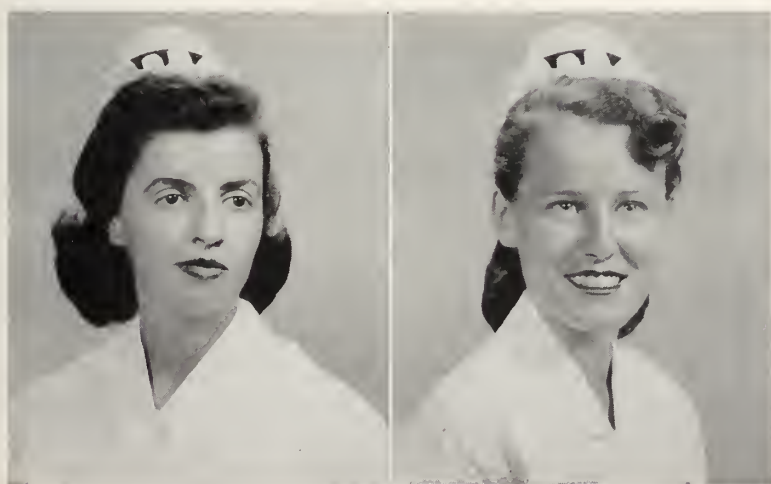
RITA M. KRASINSKAS  
31 First St., Worcester, Mass.  
"A merry lass with a winning  
heart." SETON CLUB, CHRISTMAS and  
JUNE FORMALS, GLEE CLUB, YEAR-  
BOOK, WALCOTT HOUSE DANCES, SENIOR  
ACTIVITIES.

MURIEL LAROSE  
20 Common St., Rochester, N. H.  
"So quiet and sweet, thoughtful and  
neat." SETON CLUB, YEARBOOK.



ROMAYNE LAYAOU  
24 Daniels St., Newton Center, Mass.  
"Her acts are modest and her words  
discreet." PROTESTANT CLUB.

PATRICIA LEFEBVRE  
8 Lookoff Rd., Edgewood, R. I.  
"Take life too seriously and what is  
it worth?" SETON CLUB.



PHYLLIS LESHANE  
39 Virginia Rd., Waltham, Mass.  
"Her smiles are like the glowing sunshine."

BARBARA R. MACDONALD  
39 Ocean St., Squantum, Mass.  
"Modest and simple and sweet."  
SETON CLUB, HEAD PROCTOR.



*God bless a lot of happiness  
Joyce Mackey, Butte*



JOYCE H. MACKEY  
158 Wenonah Rd., Long Meadow,  
Mass.

"Fair hair, blue eyes, her aspect blithe." SETON CLUB.

GLORIA MADEIRA  
18 Eugenia St., New Bedford, Mass.  
"A silent tongue seeks no trouble."

HELEN L. MANN  
27 Pleasant Valley St., Methuen,  
Mass.

"There is magic in her fingers."

WENONAH MARBLE  
210 Riverway, Boston, Mass.  
"I love the life I live."



*How who'll wait for  
phone calls & me - Grad.  
Good luck as a Grad.  
Dorothy*



DOROTHY MARK  
19 Crescent St., No. Plymouth, Mass.

"My man is true as steel." SETON CLUB, COMMUNITY CHEST DRIVE 1946.

MARION E. MARTELL  
34 Sargent Ave., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

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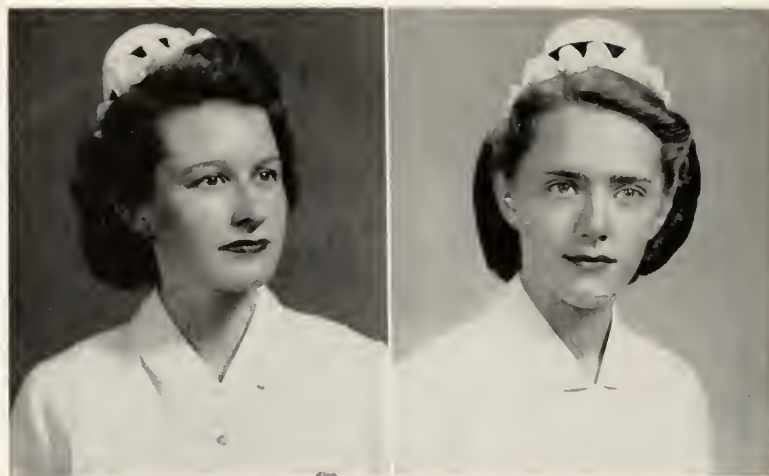




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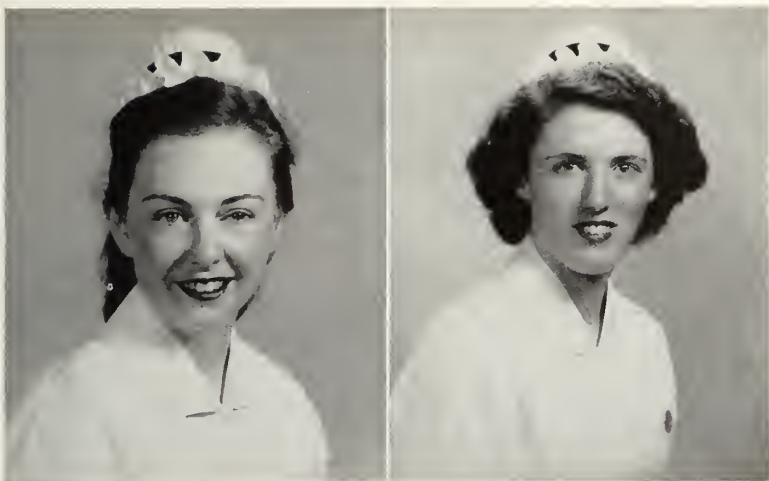
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Things  
to  
Come

## *Things to Come*

"There'll be a change in the future  
From the things in the past,  
But the things we have at present  
Leave memories that will last!"

"There's nothing so permanent as change" at M.G.H.—remember the days on those comfortable straight-back benches in U.O.P.D. where we sat with our ears wide open (eyes sometimes closed) and listened to the gems of wisdom that were offered to us by our illustrious nursing arts instructors? How true!! How true was that phrase that still rings in our ears. When we entered M.G.H., via 92 Charles Street and Baker 6, green, eager little probies in blue, we came into an existence which was closely guarded by bells and signing in and out sheets. We had to be in our rooms at 10:00 p.m.—remember? No baths could be drawn after 9:50 p.m., we were not allowed to have radios or rugs; there were no coke machines and we only had six lates a month. But changes have been made—changes for which we say, "Thank you." "Thanks" for the coke machines, for radios and rugs in our rooms, baths p.r.n. and for the extra lates per month.

These are only minor changes. Major ones are also in the making. We have followed the construction of one, the Vincent-Burnham Memorial building which is occupying the site between the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary and the George Robert White building. Ward G, which formerly occupied that area, was moved to a part of the out-patient building—that was the first move. Then "walls came tumbling down," and now in their stead stands a modern six-story brick building, at this writing not yet completed but progressing rapidly. The fall of this year according to schedule will bring its opening and another contribution to this

medical center. The Gynecological service will occupy the three lower floors, while the three upper floors will house our pediatric wards.

Following the reception for the returned M.G.H. veterans of World War II, which was held on May 23, 1946, the cornerstone of the Burnham Memorial Hospital for Children was laid by Mr. John R. Macomber, president of the M.G.H. Corporation and member of the board of trustees. There will be 150 beds for infants and children. The new building will permit expansion of the activities of the children's service in both medical care and research. Chief of staff in this building will be Dr. Allan Butler.

A gay and colorful atmosphere will reign—Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse and Mother Goose highlighting the walls. Who will enjoy the roof more—nurses or patients, as it is to be a nursery paradise filled with toys and sand boxes most of which will be donated by the volunteer businessmen who worked so faithfully during the war doing innumerable tasks to relieve the burden of the nursing staff. A vote of thanks to them!

On May 28, 1946 the cornerstone of the new Vincent Memorial Hospital was laid by Miss Dorothy Rackemann, the president of the Vincent club of Boston.

The new building will house both ward and private patients. On the ground floor there will be offices for Dr. Joseph Meigs, chief of the gynecological staff, and Dr. Somers Sturgis. A large laboratory along with a chemical and research laboratory will also be available. The new building will house a room designated as the Vincent room—equipped with a committee room, lounging room and kitchen. This will be only a small reward for the support both moral and financial given the "general" by the

Vincent Club of Boston. This is one change we have witnessed from mere plans posted on the wall on Ward 10 to the magnificent brick, plaster and cement structure it now is.

Further plans are now being formulated, which as a student body, we have influenced indirectly. Were you present at the numerous informal meetings of students during which you were encouraged to express your suggestions for a happier life at M.G.H.? From these meetings came many hints which have been incorporated in the plans to add to the comfort of those students who will one day occupy the new nurses' dormitory. Two sites and general plans are being considered. The area where Parkman house now stands is one consideration—further to enclose Walcott house and the new dormitory inside the M.G.H. walls, and to extend Bulfinch lawn over the area of Fruit Street, and secondly the area which now serves as a parking lot for visiting doctors and employees of the hospital. The new dormitory will house approximately 150 students including a very few graduates. The rooms in the form of suites, will be finished in pastel colors, include rugs and bedroom chairs. Walcott house living room will still be available for activities although a large gymnastic type recreation room will complete the new dormitory. Sounds super, doesn't it?—but would you have given up the smoker at 92 Charles Street, the alleys of Thayer

house, the hospital atmosphere of Baker 6, the bunks at Parkman house and the flights of stairs at North Grove? Many perhaps would say, "Yes"—and justly so—yet it was fun and never will be forgotten.

Among our happy memories we must include the picnics at Lincoln—the rides out and back in the M.G.H. trucks and the songs fests that went with the trips; the games with faculty and students and, thanks to the dietary department, the food. We now remember Lincoln mainly as a picnic ground—but what does the future hold for this estate? Located in the town of Lincoln, which is about 18 miles from Boston, the James J. Starrow estate was given to M.G.H. in memory of Mrs. James J. Starrow by her son in bequest of her will. When shortages cease and help is again available, it will become a convalescent home for approximately 40 to 50 patients with a staff to maintain it.

And the answer to every young graduate's prayer will be a renovated apartment house on Chestnut Street which was presented as a gift to M.G.H.

Reunions? Even now we are talking about them. Think of what we have to look forward to seeing—5, 10, 15 years from now—all of the aforementioned developments and progressions and no doubt many others. A toast "to M.G.H.—May the future be a noble one, the changes many, the advancements rapid—TO THE FUTURE!"



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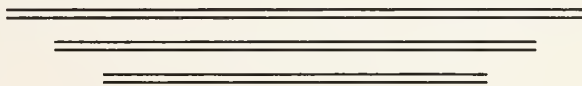
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